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THE

Commonweal

The Professor's Vocation

A Question of Involvement

by Frederick D. Wilhelmsen

Labor Strife in Canada

The Role of Government

by Arthur P. Monahan

An Exchange of Views

I — "The Price of Health"

II — Republic Steel Ads (Cont.)

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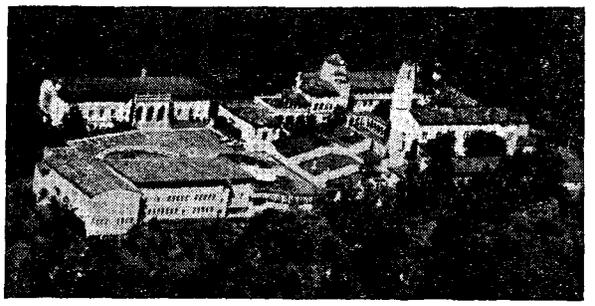

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Editor
EDWARD S. SKILLIN

Managing Editor
JAMES O'GARA

Associate Editors
JAMES FINN
RICHARD HORCHLER

Drama Critic: RICHARD HAYES; *Movie Critic:* PHILIP T. HARTUNG; *Social Action:* JOHN C. CORT; *Paris:* ROBERT BARRAT; *Rome:* GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN; *Great Britain:* MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

CONTROVERSY OVER STEEL

ONE WAY or another, considerable space in this issue is devoted to questions connected with the current steel negotiations. In "An Exchange of Views" two readers return to the charge that the editors should have refused the advertisements placed in this and other publications by Republic Steel, and elsewhere Philip Burnham devotes his entire column to a critique of our editorial on the steel talks.

We enjoy, of course, the contrast between our two sets of critics in this matter. On the one hand, the editors are belabored for permitting what is called industry propaganda in our advertising columns. On the other, Mr. Burnham takes us to task for underestimating the influence on the steel negotiations of "a dozen and thousand forces operating in the community," to use his phrasing, including the Ten Commandments, the Constitution, and free competition. It is not often that we get this comforting—if possibly misleading—sense of being in the happy middle of the road.

The trouble is, though, that Mr. Burnham has succeeded in misreading us rather thoroughly. We did not, for example, say that there is "no ceiling or limit on the profits of steel companies"; we did suggest that talk of a ceiling on wages or prices without any mention of profits represents a strangely one-sided approach.

We did not say that if our ideas were followed all difficulties would disappear; we can therefore hardly quarrel with Mr. Burnham's affirmation that problems will continue to exist in this less-than-perfect world.

Finally, we did not say, nor do we believe, that liberty and efficiency would be served "by setting up the government in the key spot of answering all the debatable economic and welfare questions of the steel industry"; in fact, we did not ask for government intervention at all but simply suggested that the common good required more from both labor and management than merely saying "Hands off!" to the government.

WHAT OUR editorial on the steel negotiations did was to raise some questions which we felt were receiving insufficient consideration. "If the present negotiations . . . are as charged with the public interest as everyone says, who exactly is supposed to be representing that interest at these talks?" we asked. ". . . Are the massive social upheavals that will follow automation to be handled only by desperate efforts of unions to secure shorter work hours and longer vacations, including, perhaps, every fifth summer off? If the price of steel never goes down, being curiously insensitive to rises and falls in supply and demand, is this a matter to be considered solely the domain of big business and big labor? And if not, whose business is it?"

We still think these are good questions. In his criticism of our editorial, Mr. Burnham remarks that "the country would not end even with a steel strike." True enough, surely, although a lengthy steel strike would hit the country rather hard. But by the same token the country would not end if more serious thought were given to the impact on the common good of a settlement in steel.

Steel plays a crucial role in the American economy, and the industry's price pattern in the last decade has had a very significant effect in the inflationary spiral. The possibility of a more effective method for taking the public good into account during steel's periodic labor-management disputes does not strike us as either unreasonable or farfetched. To adopt Mr. Burnham's own style of argumentation, it does not seem to us that either the country

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or the capitalistic system would come to an end if a serious effort along these lines were made in the steel industry—quite the opposite, in fact.

The assumption that there are in mass industries like steel only two alternatives, the status quo or massive and continuous government intervention, is, we think, quite wrong. Moreover, we doubt that Mr. Burnham would explicitly espouse such a thesis. Yet, despite a wistful last sentence in a somewhat romantic vein, suggesting that it might be possible to break down the large issues and industries (with or without intervention by the hated state, we wonder?), it seems to us that Mr. Burnham in practice actually reduces the possibilities to these two. And if he has misread our original editorial, we think that in the course of his argumentation he does reveal the real difference between his and our approach to socio-economic questions.

Significantly, Mr. Burnham says, "the public interest is supposed to be represented quite directly by the individual's free choice in the competitive market." Notwithstanding Mr. Burnham's description of himself as "a simple, conservative reader," this strikes us as little more than the nineteenth century's Economic Liberalism all over again, complete with the familiar hands-off role for government and the traditional faith that the operation of the market will automatically ensure the common good. And the important thing is that these views are not Mr. Burnham's alone but are widely held, as indicated by most comment on the steel talks.

In the new dispensation of the old Adam Smith, the chief and perhaps only allowance made for the twentieth century is that the classic Manchester doctrine has been amended to allow for *laissez faire* on a group rather than an individual basis. As a result of the modification, we now have the confrontation of capital not by the individual worker but by organized labor; otherwise the theory is much the same. The state is restricted to a very passive role, the operation of the market is thought of as "free," labor is thought of purely as a commodity, and the law of supply and demand is seen as the great principle of social justice.

Economic Liberalism amended is, of course, Economic Liberalism improved, and its present operation inside a framework of social legislation and on a group rather than an individual basis is an obvious improvement on the dog-eat-dog past. However, we are somewhat taken aback to see the original, bad old theory of *laissez faire* advanced so nakedly today. This is, after all, 1959, and it is sixty-eight years since *Rerum Novarum* and twenty-eight years since *Quadragesimo Anno*.

A PLACE FOR TACT

IT IS CLEAR that in the course of a single year Charles de Gaulle has brought his native land to manifest a new spirit. There is even an upsurge in the French economy despite the continuing war in Algeria. It is hardly surprising that de Gaulle should become increasingly incensed over his nation's subsidiary role in the NATO alliance.

But the progress France has registered in recent months would hardly seem to entitle that nation to a status of full equality with Britain and the United States. The defense forces it can contribute to NATO are unimpressive, the nuclear weapons it is trying to develop on its own are in the indefinite future.

France's differences with NATO are many: the Algerian war, the withholding of French naval vessels pledged to NATO, the refusal to grant bases on French soil for launching intermediate missiles, or to permit NATO fighter-bombers stationed on French soil to be equipped with atomic weapons.

And yet the transfer of these two hundred planes so equipped to British soil would threaten so to stir up Labor Party opposition as to endanger the NATO defense policy. If these planes were flown to Germany, that would disturb the British even more. General de Gaulle has assuredly been in public life long enough to know that he cannot expect accession to all his demands. He is undoubtedly sincere when he voices his allegiance to the Atlantic alliance. He must be aware of the dangers in widening possession and control of atomic weapons, and he is undoubtedly amenable to reason on behalf of the common interest. At this juncture a little summit meeting within our own camp might straighten out a number of things.

EQUAL AND JUST

FOUR FLORIDA youths have been found guilty of raping a Negro college girl. The trial of the four white men inevitably drew national attention. As in any trial, people asked, "Will they be found guilty?" and "If they are found guilty, what sentence will they receive?" But here these questions had a different ring. For in Florida, only three white men have been convicted of sexual assaults on Negroes, and none has been executed. Since 1925, however, thirty-seven Negroes have been electrocuted for the same crime. The obvious discrepancy between the treatment meted out to white people and that to Negroes induced much

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cynicism in those who watched the progress of the trial. And the outcome—guilty, with a recommendation of mercy—brought mixed reactions.

Many Negro leaders who are personally familiar with the outcome of similar events which occurred fifteen and twenty years ago stressed the progress that had been made. "Twenty years ago they wouldn't have been arrested," said one prominent Negro. But others, both Negro and white, compared unfavorably the outcome of this trial with the trial that would have taken place if four Negroes had raped a white woman. In the latter case, they asserted, the sentence would certainly have been death; no one would have recommended mercy, a recommendation which precludes the death sentence.

Clearly, people should be treated equally before the law, and we can understand why many people feel resentment at the double standard that is implied in this decision, even as the distance between the two standards decreases. We can even understand to some degree why a Negro minister who is opposed to capital punishment wished to see it invoked here. Nevertheless we think that another approach would be more helpful. Surely nothing good can come from continuing into the future racial hatreds and vengeful antagonisms which were quite properly resented in the past.

THIRD FIVE-YEAR PLAN

THE COMPULSION to industrialize which agitates many of the underdeveloped countries has psychological as well as economic roots. To increase productivity is both a vital necessity and a matter of national pride. India is no exception, but its ruling Congress Party has become more and more convinced that the nation's food output now has to take priority over manufactures. India's undernourished population is growing at the rate of eight million a year.

Accordingly, agriculture holds the first place in the third Five-Year plan, scheduled to begin in 1961. The Nehru regime plans to cut down on official and religious holidays, step up the shift to cooperative farming and organize state trading in wholesale food grains. Since India's productiveness per acre is only a third of that achieved in Japan, it is obvious that much remains to be done. Cheap credit is greatly needed in India's rural areas. Farmers lack storage facilities, and present government plans include the building of five thousand warehouses and the instituting of crop supports. Nonetheless, if Indian agriculture is to keep pace with the rising national demand for foodstuffs by getting somewhat nearer its potential food output, some fifty million families will have to change their antiquated farming methods. The very magnitude of such a transformation is one reason that it cannot be seriously attempted without a marked increase in capital investment from abroad.

TWO-HEADED ANIMALS

THE DEMOCRATIC ADVISORY COUNCIL continues its attempt to maintain simultaneous pressure on the opposition Republican Party and against the leadership in Congress of the Democratic Party itself. Members of the Council include former President Harry S. Truman, former Secretary of State Dean Acheson and Adlai Stevenson—spokesmen for "liberal" Democratic policies. The two Democratic leaders in Congress—Senator Lyndon B. Johnson and House Speaker Sam Rayburn, both exponents of moderation and compromise—were, of course, conspicuously absent from the Advisory Council deliberations. They have flatly refused to join the Council or heed its recommendations.

The Council hit hard at President Eisenhower for threatening vetoes "in an attempt to thwart one constructive and necessary measure after another," and coupled this charge with an equally harsh denunciation of Congressional efforts to "water down proposed legislation to the limits of what the President might accept" or what would be supported by the two-thirds majority necessary to override a veto. What the Democratic Congress should do, according to the Council, is to pass the legislation it "knows the country needs" and put it into the President's hands to veto. More good legislation would result thereby, it is predicted, and the difference between the parties would be sharpened for the benefit of the voter in 1960.

To Our Subscribers

In line with the practice of many other magazines, The Commonweal will appear on alternate weeks during July and August. Forthcoming issues will be dated as follows: July 3, July 17, July 31, August 14, August 28.

The normal weekly printing schedule will be resumed in September. Subscriptions will be automatically extended for four issues.

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This is, of course, precisely the point of difference between the "liberal" and Johnson-Rayburn wings of the Democratic Party, and judgments about it hinge on the accuracy of the predictions made by the Advisory Council. Obviously, the two-headed donkey is as strange and illogical a beast as the two-headed elephant and it would be sensible to make our party labels more meaningful than they are now. However, without defending the Congressional leaders, it is by no means obvious that the Council's formula would bring "more good legislation"—or even that it would not cost much urgently needed present legislation. Neither is it obvious that a "sharpening of the differences between the parties" can be accomplished—at least in this way—without a costly breakdown in the now illogical, contradictory but nonetheless functioning party system.

THE LOEWENBERG CASE

WHAT HAS developed into the "Loewenberg Case" illustrates a familiar lesson. Freedoms once gained will be maintained only with effort. It is true, for example, that civil liberties are less threatened today than they were ten years ago, or five years ago. But it can still happen that a person will be deprived of some post, some honor, some award because he has been accused without being informed of the accusations or the identity of the accusers. In the present instance, Professor Bert J. Loewenberg of Sarah Lawrence College has been denied a Fulbright award for teaching at the University of Leeds. Even though he was highly recommended by two screening committees composed of university professors, the Board of Foreign Scholarships turned down his application. No reasons were given.

At least eight university professors who are members of one of the screening committees have threatened to resign if Mr. Loewenberg's case is not reviewed. What they ask, primarily, is that the Board of Foreign Scholarships first declare if Mr. Loewenberg's loyalty is questioned and, if so, to let him reply to any evidence to that effect. Secondly, they ask that the Board make a statement of policy concerning the non-professional criteria by which a Fulbright applicant is judged.

Many prominent scholars and several Historical Associations have added their protest to that of the screening committee. For example, the Mississippi Valley Historical Association, a nationwide group of scholars, expressed concern at a policy "which denies one of its members the right to defend himself against such charges or to know the nature of the charges."

The Fulbright program has been properly recognized as one of the most successful educational efforts supported by our government. In order to remain successful it must continue to attract the most able candidates who will then be selected by a fair and informed board. An action such as the present one has obviously disrupted the academic community without whose support the program must fail. The issue is familiar. A man is accused and, because he knows neither the accuser nor the accusation, he cannot reply. The remedy is equally familiar. Allow Mr. Loewenberg to confront the evidence and to reply.

THANKS A LOT

WE ARE SOMEWHAT puzzled by a recent, lengthy Associated Press dispatch concerning the reading habits of the President. Fairly used or not, charges are frequently made that Mr. Eisenhower is uninformed, even uninterested, in politics, daily affairs and things intellectual, and the A.P. report is evidently intended as a refutation of these charges.

According to his (unidentified) aides, and contrary to what many people think, the A. P. story has it, Mr. Eisenhower "goes through" ten newspapers every day, three of them being the New York *Times,* the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Christian Science Monitor*. But what immediately takes the bloom off the imposing statistic is the further information that the President accomplishes this reading "at breakfast." To continue, in the evening Mr. Eisenhower sometimes reads "sections that interest him" in three magazines—*Time, Newsweek* and *U. S. News and World Report,* the only magazines mentioned. It is true, we are told, that the President has been an avid reader of western stories since boyhood, but not true that he rarely reads any other type of book. "His aides say he reads a good many others—and wishes he had time for still more." The westerns he reads at night in bed—"to shut off his mind and stop the thinking process," as an aide put it.

And so goes the apologia-indictment—what one line giveth another line taketh away. The total effect? We're not sure; all we know is that if the man who wrote the story intended it as a defense of the President's intellectual habits, we would ourselves just as soon not have such a defender.

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The Professor's Vocation

The act of professing joins itself to the art of teaching precisely because the vision of a truth demands its communication

by FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

THE FOLLOWING proposition I accept as evident: the American liberal arts college and university are in need of reform and shall soon be reformed, bit by bit or all at once.

Reform is in the air. The great foundations have evidenced their eagerness to cooperate in proposals to shore up the liberal arts tradition in our universities and colleges. A general dissatisfaction with excessive departmentalism has given birth to the widespread conviction that departmental majors should be done away with and that the humanities should be integrated into a unified curriculum that truly frees the minds of students and teachers alike for the larger implications of the life of learning.

But there is something missing in all this ferment, something whose absence is so luminous that it is not seen by men bent on the larger good of the university as such: namely, the very *state of being* of the professor himself, the very meaning of his role in existence as *savant* and educator. While in no sense denying the need for reform, may I suggest in this essay that these reforms may be but paper in the hands of faculty and ashes in the mouths of students if they are uncontrolled by an ontology of the very structure of *profession.*

I write as a university professor frankly interested in what shall be done to me in the reformed university of tomorrow. I confess openly that this essay is the work of a man opposed by temperament to any change within the academic routine that would take him away from the things he knows and the road he has walked for the better part of a decade. Having returned to the American university after having lived abroad for more than a year and a half in circumstances often remote from the preoccupations of the scholar and the ambitions of the academician, I find myself forced to ask myself the really embarrassing question: what am I doing here? Who am I at all to be within the walls of the academy?

I am an associate professor of philosophy in an American Catholic university, holding tenure, possessing the requisite number of initials behind my name. I am a member of an academic community aimed at the instruction of a multitude of young men, many of whom take my courses. I am all these things and yet I am none of them at all. This information could be gleaned from a catalogue and it has nothing to do with who I really am: a man who professes and who is thus a witness to whatever it might be that he knows and loves, a man who must be a witness because every other road points to the destruction of himself. Here I am and I can be no other.

EXISTENTIALIST techniques, prejudice to the contrary, are not restricted to the reporting of personal testimony. They aim rather at disengaging structures which are one with life. These structures can only be understood in terms proper to themselves. It follows that an understanding of the meaning of professorhood—*as a style of human existence*—must be made in terms of the act of professing, not in terms of the goals proper to the university. It is, however, my conviction that such an analysis may suggest what these goals will be if the university is to be staffed in truth by men who profess and not simply by teachers or scholars.

The existential dialectic between involvement and detachment points up most keenly the differences between profession as an ontological structure and as an academic title.

When I ask myself questions concerning the nature of the rhombus, I am outside that which I question:

Mr. Wilhelmsen, of Santa Clara University, is the author of *Hilaire Belloc: No Alienated Man.*

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it is evident that I am not a rhombus. But when I ask myself a question concerning the meaning of being, I am within that which I question: it is evident that I am a being. These two kinds of questions distinguish two kinds of intellectual disciplines: the impersonal and the personal. To the impersonal disciplines belong the physical sciences and, in lessening degrees, those disciplines customarily called "instrumental." To the personal disciplines, in ascending degrees, belong the humane studies as well as theology and philosophy, the dimensions of "ultimate concern," to use the language of Tillich. Varying degrees of involvement and detachment, of course, belong to men teaching these two kinds of subjects.

The humane disciplines themselves demand of their masters an inner dialectic between detachment and involvement. The professor of poetry, for instance, when disengaging the formal structures of a poem must be severely detached, "objective" (to use a term that ought to dissolve back into the idealist past from whence it came). But this formal structure informs a content, a meaning—a meaning speaking to man himself as man. This meaning or intelligibility discovered in the poem elicits his affirmation or his negation, fingers him in the depths of his subjectivity and prods him to say something which shall leave him forever changed, for the better or for the worse. By a paradox, the closer I move to the subject of the poem, the closer I move to myself and the more I dive into *its* depths the more I dive into *mine*. Detachment in poetical exegesis exists for the sake of a further commitment, for the sake of being the more a man. "Objectivity" here *is* "subjectivity," or—more accurately—the opposition between them disappears.

THE INVOLVEMENT of the subject teaching in the subject taught calls not for the ultimate detachment of the anonymous observer; it demands attachment and engagement, what Kierkegaard called "passionate thinking," thinking involving the whole man whose role in life demands of him assent and commitment. "Opinions," once wrote the great Hilaire Belloc to Maurice Baring, "opinions! I have no opinions, only convictions." It is this hammer-blow of affirmation that makes the teacher a man, makes the professor one who in truth professes to the world what portion of wisdom he has salvaged from the wreckage beyond.

The act of professing joins itself to the arts of teaching because the vision of a truth demands communication. In the words of Etienne Gilson, a good teacher loves to teach simply because "to be is to act . . . causality is the very act by which a being gives something of itself to another being . . . The good teacher loves to teach because he loves to impart to his pupils the very best thing there is in him; namely, intellectual life, knowledge, truth. The generosity inherent in the very act of being finds here its highest manifestation, and the purest kind of pleasure should naturally attend its exercise."

It is precisely at this point that we locate, I believe, the inherent tension between professorhood and many of the proposals made today to reform the university. Looking to the larger good of the university, the man bent on reform hopes to build an intelligible unity out of the existent chaos. He hopes to integrate the curriculum in terms of some end defining the very purpose and reason for being of the university.

Personally I confess an ignorance at this stage of the game concerning the end of the American, Catholic liberal arts college and university. (I entertain strong convictions on what I believe this institution ought to be—convictions roughly equivalent to those of Mr. Christopher Dawson. But I am rather certain that my views shall not carry the day.) That some reform is needed is obvious. The present chaos cannot continue.

THE REFORMS advanced thus far, no matter how opposed among themselves they might be, have in common the convictions that the humane studies must somehow be unified, synthesized in the light of a desired goal that reaches beyond the mastery of any given number of subject matters. There can be no doubt but that the common good of the university transcends the good of its "parts," i.e., its departments. But should the reformists decide that this common good demands that the departments surrender the full integrity of their subject matters, it would follow that the professor—as defined in this essay—would have to be eliminated from the campus.

A reform that would subordinate subject matters within any given undergraduate department to an exterior goal could not bear for long the presence of men who have so become their subjects that they are identified with them. The man who professes does not communicate in the name of a larger good, although he may well recognize that there exists an order bigger than his own vision of reality; the man who professes gives to his students a *subject* that has so worked itself into his being that he has become that very subject himself.

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Let it be noted carefully that I have not passed a "value judgment," to use the current jargon. I have simply stated that profession, as an ontological structure, is bound up altogether with the reality professed; it has nothing to do with university goals as such. The reality professed, the subject known and communicated in love, is the treasure that the man having cares about and wishes to give to those who would share it. Should this subject, this treasure, be made an instrument, a means to some further end—should the teacher be forced to use his subject within the classroom *as an instrument*—it would follow that the very structure of profession would be violated and eventually eliminated.

This ought not shock us; there are some problems to which there are no solutions. It could very well be that the liberal arts college of the future will have no need of professors but only of teachers who use their subjects for the sake of ends transcending their respective finalities. Should this prove to be the case the true professor would have to retire to the graduate school or take to the stump as lecturer and writer; his role within the university would have been eliminated.

THE ISSUE is perhaps best elucidated by selecting a proposed reform that has received more than casual attention within Catholic university circles. I refer to Dr. Mortimer Adler's contention that subject matter be used for the purpose of training the mind of the student, for the sake of making him a liberal artist. Dr. Adler would postpone the mastery of any given subject matter, let alone the acquisition of some portion of wisdom, until the years following the student's undergraduate education. In his own words the liberal arts college ought to use subject matter as "subordinated to the acquirements of the arts" (i.e. the traditional seven liberal arts, with emphasis on logic, rhetoric and grammar). Subjects are "the matter on which the mind is being exercised to learn how to think—not, *then,* to learn what to think."

Here we have a clear statement of an end proposed for a liberal arts college: the training of the mind in the arts of thinking. How do we train the mind? According to Dr. Adler, we train the mind by giving the student a selected list of classics that purport to enshrine the accumulated wisdom of our Western inheritance. We give these books to the student not primarily for the sake of any wisdom he might find in them but because they are thought to be the best instruments for the development of his mind.

More than a hundred years ago this very program, then a venerable tradition, was tried out on one young man who suffered four nervous collapses under its discipline. His educators were interested in training his mind through the systematic mastery of a number of books while he was more interested in mastering a specific number of subject matters. For him books existed for an end beyond the training of his mind: the mastery of subject matter; for his teachers, books existed for another end: intellectual discipline. When examined, this young man found himself questioned in the content found in the selection of books made by the Oxford dons of the day rather than in a number of subjects. As a result John Henry Newman broke down and did quite badly until he reached Oriel.

THE MORAL is obvious: dedication to the book for the sake of "training the mind" is the enemy of dedication to the subject as such. The man gripped by a subject enters into a relationship with a mystery and brings to bear upon that mystery every weapon within his intellectual and sensitive armory. Not narrowing in itself, the preoccupation with any given intellectual problem itself forces the mind to reach beyond the limits of severe departmentalism and thus achieve its own synthesis of the humane disciplines. Let the subject be symbolism, for example. The student who would understand what a symbol is may study the opening lines of *Burnt Norton,* or the homilies of Origen on *The Song of Solomon;* he may read Aquinas on the morality and Jung on the interpretation of dreams; John of St. Thomas on second intentions and Maritain on magic; Guardini on power and Rahner on play; he could study medieval heraldry and he might well plunge into the rhythms of contemporary jazz; he will probably turn to the relations space bears to essence and those that time bears to existence; he unquestionably will read widely in great and not so great books; his finest intuitions may come to him when he has set aside all books in favor of experience. Eventually he will bring forth a synthesis of doctrine that is stamped with the force of his being because all this learning has been transmuted by the alchemy of personality. In truth that man will have become his subject. In professing it to others he will be professing himself. This act of profession of his can no more be dictated to by an educational goal beyond itself than could the acquisition of the learning in question have been acquired within any similar Procrustean bed.

Such is the professor. Incarnating a style of being all his own, he was made possible by a kind of university that must go. Those in America who will build the new university of tomorrow should ponder carefully the meaning of professorhood and then decide whether they really want professors within the academy of the future. Should they decide that they do not want these men, many of them will seek their living elsewhere. Others will desert their profession and integrate themselves into something larger than their subjects: General Humanities or Great Books or the Liberal Arts for Democracy or something else. These men will have ceased to be professors and the finest in them will have died.

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LETTER FROM A READER

HERE IS a letter from a reader I thought worth special attention.

* * *

"I have not always been a Catholic; indeed, I will celebrate the second anniversary of my baptism very shortly. I am presently a graduate student in science, and it will be approximately three years more before I get my Ph.D. At the time of my baptism, however, I was just graduating from college. While I received my last lessons from one of the most progressive schools in the United States (please understand, I use this word 'progressive' only because I can think of no other expression which accurately describes the excellent education the college offers), I also received the instruction preparatory to entering the Church. To say the least, the gulf between the two modes of thought was very apparent.

"But that is not the gulf which I felt you were concerned about and it is not the gulf I am concerned about, either. Rather, I have become increasingly aware of an inability, a lack of desire or, perhaps, even a fear on the part of individuals and organizations in the Church to speak out on contemporary problems with vigor and incisiveness—and, above all, with relevance.

"Today, in this country, all of us, Catholics and non-Catholics alike, approach problems with a logic which borrows heavily from the 'scientific method.' This is the accepted mode of thought for a variety of modern thinkers. Modern Protestant and Jewish theologians especially owe obvious debts to it. But Catholic theology rightly feels an allegiance to an older frame of thought and is oriented toward a system which respects dogma (a nasty word to the 'modern thinker'). However, the Catholic theologian today is simply not understood when he speaks in his older 'scholastic' language. And yet theologians seem to feel it would be an act of treason to speak in the 'modern' language. This is understandable. Who would not feel it treason, after the unpleasant epitaphs heaped upon Catholic theologians by modern scholars? Nevertheless, it does seem that the theologians are tongue-tied when they resolve their dilemma by not speaking at all on modern problems, or by speaking in such a way that their statements of the problems are unrecognizable.

"Such a decision is really no solution, even though it may be more pleasant than entering the battle between the old and new philosophies. What began as a rift between two systems of observation has, therefore, developed into a far more serious breach which obstructs communication.

"Now let me jump. Before, I was speaking of an inability of the theologians to supply real thought on larger issues. But I maintain that there is a lack just as serious in the average priest's inability to communicate to a modern society on small day-to-day issues.

"Sacramentally, the parish provides the same comfort the Church has provided for two thousand years. And, when all is said and done, the voice of God is the only voice worth hearing. But I am only human and it is nice to be aided and reassured on an intellectual level, that is, by rational discussion. This is the level of communication I am used to in my daily life. At this level my parish has failed me badly. The Sunday sermon is not relevant to this day and age. Sometimes an appearance of relevance is given because a story from today's newspaper is used, but the communication is just not there.

"The basic theological content of any sermon is of course true yesterday, today and always, but that is not all that is needed, for the fact is that the priest in the pulpit is simply not speaking my language. And in the confessional, as often as not, the voice will assure me that the Church says so, and so it must be. Perhaps this is the most honest approach, unblunted authority and no pretense. But am I wrong to hope for more?

"Possibly, I have been unfair to the priests in my parish. However, I know as a fact that the priest who gave me instruction was always careful to tell his congregation that the college I attended was a den of iniquity and a place to be avoided. He also possessed a chart showing the great philosophical movements of the world to the present time which assured us that from the time of the scholastics the history of philosophical thought has been nothing more than a history of intellectual decay. I don't feel that this sort of avoidance of intellectual challenge—and, to my mind, that is what it is—provides any real answer to the problems I face.

"One might hope that a Catholic education would provide help in facing our society. After all, it is the duty of any institution of learning to provide not only special knowledge, but also that general education which equips a student for the world he or she must face after leaving school. Yet my wife, who has been educated only in Catholic schools, finds herself no better equipped to face modern perplexities than I.

"What, then, is the answer? Obviously, there is no easy solution. But surely the first step is to admit that there is a problem. And that, it appears, is not an easy thing for Catholics, theologians or not, to do.

"One thing is certain; once the problem is clearly faced we will have a far healthier state of affairs."

* * *

Let the letter speak for itself.

JOHN COGLEY.

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A loggers' strike has raised fundamental questions of constitutional law

Labor Strife in Canada

by ARTHUR P. MONAHAN

CANADA'S newest province, Newfoundland, has recently been the scene of some of the weirdest happenings in the nation's labor history. What is more, the events which took place in seemingly remote Newfoundland may well have extremely important consequences for the entire Dominion, involving as they do fundamental questions of law and constitutional interpretation.

Two laws, one decertifying a striking union, the other outlawing from the province James Hoffa's Teamsters' Union, have been enacted with the unanimous support of the province's legislators. The immediate background to these events is the loggers' strike that began on the island December 31. The real causes, however, go deep into the social and economic conditions of Newfoundland, which are unique in English North America.

There are more than a few parts of Newfoundland whose only contact with the outside world is by boat. And neither newspaper nor radio mars the isolation of many islanders, whose livelihood derives from the sea. The livelihood itself is marginal; Newfoundland's average income is somewhere around seven hundred dollars per year, and many earn less than the average. The provincial capital, St. John's, with a population of about sixty thousand, is the only city of any size on the island.

The province as a whole is in a rudimentary economic condition, with fishing and logging the mainstays of its economy. Of the two industries, logging is the more important, representing about fifty per cent of the Newfoundland economy. Control of the pulpwood industry is in the hands of two large corporations, the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company, with its mill at Grand Falls, and the Bowaters Corporation, located at Corner Brook. It was against the former that a strike was called last December.

The loggers' strike against the A.N.D. company was called by Local 2-254, International Woodsworkers of America. The I.W.A. had come to Newfoundland two years earlier. In the face of sustained company opposition, the union succeeded last year in obtaining certification for two Newfoundland locals, one representing A.N.D. loggers, the other for Bowaters men.

Previously, Newfoundland's loggers belonged to four independent unions, whose effectiveness can be measured by the fact that none had any established grievance procedures. Wages were low by comparison with what loggers received in British Columbia, and living conditions in the logging camps were reported to be inadequate. The logging labor force is highly fluctuating. There are rarely more than five thousand men regularly employed in the woods, but at peak employmen periods as many as eighteen to twenty thousand loggers are at work, the large body of seasonal workers being made up of fishermen and others who supplement their regular income by logging.

THE WORK STRUCTURE of the Newfoundland logging industry, too, has always been loose-knit, and logging methods primitive in comparison with other areas. The actual logging is done by independent woods contractors who operate their own camps and hire their own loggers. The contractors deliver logs to the company mill on a piecework basis, and for a price set by the company. The company also establishes a pay scale for the loggers, but the men are paid by the independent contractors.

When the new union presented its first demands to A.N.D. late in 1958, it claimed to represent twelve thousand Newfoundland woodsworkers, who were then being paid at the general rate of $1.05 an hour for a ten-hour day, six-day week. The A.N.D. local asked for a ten per cent wage increase and a reduction in the work week from sixty to fifty-four hours. The company refused and the matter went before a board of arbitration. The three-man conciliation board appointed to arbitrate the dispute brought in a unanimous although non-binding decision, awarding the union a five cent an hour wage increase over a two-year period, and reduction in the work week from sixty to fifty-four hours without loss in pay. The union accepted the board finding; the company refused it, claiming the new wage was unrealistic.

In its defense the A.N.D. could point to a thirty per cent decline in 1957 profits from newsprint op-

Mr. Monahan is a member of the faculty at Mount Saint Vincent College, Halifax. This is his first appearance in The Commonweal.

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erations and to its present common stock dividends of twenty cents as compared to sixty cents two years ago. Neither fact, however, prevented the company from awarding a five per cent wage increase to its mill employees the day after it rejected the conciliation board findings on the loggers' demands.

In December, I.W.A. members voted overwhelmingly to strike, the company remained firm, and at year's end the union struck the A.N.D. operation. The first strike incident occurred on January 5, when five truckloads of logs were dumped in the Port Leamington area. There was no physical violence, but the independent contractor whose trucks were stopped complained to provincial authorities about illegal picketing. The contractor himself admitted at the time that he employed I.W.A. loggers, but asserted he did not recognize the I.W.A. His position and the entire January 5 incident showed clearly the kind of difficulty the I.W.A. met in its strike action. To make its quarrel with the A.N.D. effective, the union had to prevent wood reaching the company mill, but such efforts for the most part fell directly on the independent woods contractors, not the company.

Newfoundland's Attorney General, L. R. Curtis, warned the I.W.A. publicly on January 7 and again five days later, against preventing the free movement of persons and property on public highways. He also ordered prosecution for anyone breaking the law in this regard or inciting others to do so. The first charges in connection with strike activities were laid against I.W.A. loggers on January 8. H. Landon Ladd, regional president of the I.W.A. and chief strike organizer, denied his men had broken the law, but declared, "What the law is in our estimation and what it is in the estimation of others may be two different things."

TALK LIKE THIS by I.W.A. leaders and continuing union efforts to prevent the hauling of timber led to criticism of I.W.A. strike tactics. On January 10, the Joint Mill Union Committee of Newfoundland declined support for the I.W.A. in the current dispute, claiming, "the methods used by this union . . . are absolutely foreign to the policy of our own local unions and our methods of settling disputes." This was the first split in Newfoundland labor ranks over the strike.

Picket activity against hauling logs increased in mid-January as the I.W.A. strove to make its strike effective and the independent contractors more clearly recognized the availability of police protection on the public highways. Incidents of union attempts to halt log-carrying trucks multiplied and scores of charges were made against I.W.A. strikers. The importation of strikebreakers by the A.N.D. lead to even more serious violence. Early in the morning of February 7, I.W.A. loggers attacked two A.N.D. camps suspected of containing non-union labor. Windows were broken, buildings damaged, and about fifty non-striking loggers, some of them partly clothed, were forced out into sub-zero temperature and had to walk eleven miles into Badger, the nearest community. Seventy-nine I.W.A. loggers were subsequently arrested.

A few days after the Badger violence, Newfoundland Premier Joseph R. Smallwood entered the dispute. In a province-wide radio and television speech, Mr. Smallwood attacked the I.W.A. Asserting that "there is not enough room in Newfoundland for the government and the I.W.A." he urged the province's loggers to "send the I.W.A. about their business," and offered the government's services to set up a new union.

Premier Smallwood's unprecedented intervention marked the first official effort by his government to settle the labor quarrel. H. Landon Ladd of the I.W.A. immediately criticized the Premier for failing to make an earlier effort to negotiate a settlement, declaring that the union was not worried by Smallwood's pro-company effort to establish a rival union, and gave notice he intended to bring suit against Mr. Smallwood for unfair labor practices and defamation of character.

Later events, however, showed clearly that Mr. Smallwood had gauged well the temper of Newfoundland public opinion on the loggers' strike. Provincial political leaders of both Liberal and Conservative parties applauded his move, and when the Newfoundland legislature met in February it unanimously approved the Premier's action. Even labor circles on the island divided over the issue. Max Lane, one of Mr. Smallwood's Liberal majority in the Newfoundland legislature and president of the island's large, independent, Fishermen's Union, became president of the new government-sponsored loggers' union, the Brotherhood of Newfoundland Woodworkers (B.N.W.W.). Lane's election incorporated a Smallwood suggestion that the woodworkers align themselves with Newfoundland's fishermen in one large labor body, the organization wryly referred to as "the fish and chip union."

ON THE CANADIAN mainland, labor interest quickly criticized the Newfoundland government's intervention as unwarranted. The Canadian Labor Congress expressed shock at Premier Smallwood's "intemperate" remarks, and the matter came onto the floor of Canada's House of Commons when an Ontario C.C.F. member asked assurances from the government that Royal Canadian Mounted Police members (who function in Newfoundland as provincial police) would not be used as "government troops in the 'civil war' of which Mr. Smallwood spoke."

With the implications of his intervention being felt across the whole of Canada, Mr. Smallwood moved again against the I.W.A. He introduced into the New-

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foundland legislature a bill to decertify the two I.W.A. locals in the province, the most sweeping condemnation of I.W.A. strike tactics and asserting that this international union had made a terrible mistake in bringing strongarm methods to peaceloving Newfoundland. His condemnation broadened to include an indictment of the kind of tactics generally employed by large international unions, and to imply that American-dominated unions were not wanted in Newfoundland.

This criticism of "big" unionism Mr. Smallwood incorporated in a second emergency labor bill, designed to empower the Newfoundland government to dissolve any union in the province having connections with a labor group outside the province "a substantial number of the [officers] of which have been convicted of . . . heinous crime." Premier Smallwood stated that this bill was aimed at James Hoffa's Teamsters' union, one local of which is now certified in Newfoundland.

Both emergency labor measures became law in Newfoundland on March 6, and the woods dispute, extended by Mr. Smallwood to include an attack on the Teamsters' union, entered a new phase. The issue now was the constitutionality of Newfoundland's new labor legislation insofar as it interfered with properly accredited labor organizations.

Naturally, labor interests in the rest of Canada raised a cry against the Smallwood legislation. The Canadian Labor Congress warned it would appeal the Newfoundland legislation to the International Labor Organization of the United Nations, and formally requested the federal government to disallow the two bills. Opposition members in Ottawa also pressed Prime Minister Diefenbaker to disallow the laws, either by direct federal action or by referring the bill to Canada's Supreme Court where, it was felt, they might be declared unconstitutional.

The federal government took the matter under advisement. Meanwhile, however, the new Newfoundland labor union opened negotiations with the A.N.D. company. Tension grew as rumors circulated of an inevitable clash between I.W.A. strikers and B.N.W.W. members. On March 10, about one hundred additional police, R.C.M.P. and some members of the Newfoundland Constabulary, and the municipal police at St. John's clashed with picketers as the police attempted to clear a picketers' roadblock at nearby Badger. In the struggle Constable William Moss of the Newfoundland Constabulary was struck on the head by a piece of pulpwood and died several days later without regaining consciousness. Subsequently, Ronald Laing, a logger and the father of six children, was charged with murder.

Constable Moss's death virtually ended any hope for the I.W.A. in the loggers' strike. A few days later, the new union reached agreement with the A.N.D. company for a five cent wage increase over the $1.05 basic rate, and the woods operations are back in almost full operation. The I.W.A. maintains it is still on strike, but its efforts are largely symbolic.

THE MARCH 10 violence also raised another point of controversy. In the face of the new disorder the Newfoundland government requested R.C.M.P. reinforcements from Ottawa. At the last moment, however, the federal government decided not to sanction the departure of additional police. Prime Minister Diefenbaker later criticized Premier Smallwood for "aggravating" the loggers' strike by his intervention. In return, Newfoundland claimed Ottawa had broken a solemn contract to supply police protection for the province, and the head of the R.C.M.P., Commissioner L. H. Nicholson, resigned in protest over the federal government's stand. Premier Smallwood since has sued the government of Canada for breach of contract.

The situation has quieted in the past few weeks. The I.W.A. suit against Premier Smallwood and Mr. Smallwood's suit against the federal government have not yet come into the courts; the trial of the I.W.A. logger for murder has not begun; the federal government has done nothing towards outlawing the Newfoundland legislation, nor is there any immediate likelihood of its doing so; the Canadian Labor Congress has reiterated plans to contest the Newfoundland government's stand.

Thus, the far-reaching issue of a government's right to interfere with a legally certified union remains unresolved. Mr. Smallwood has hinted that when calm is completely restored his government may take another look at its emergency labor legislation. But he remains firmly convinced that he acted in the best interests of Newfoundland against a serious union threat to the province's economy.

This view accepts at face value the A.N.D. company's assertion that it could not afford to meet the conciliation board's wage increases, and the joint A.N.D. and Bowaters threat to close down their operations rather than bargain with the I.W.A. Without minimizing in any way the difficulties of the Newfoundland government's position, the question may be raised why Mr. Smallwood, in the face of such obvious economic pressure from the pulp companies, laid the total responsibility for the threat to Newfoundland's economy at the doorsteps of the I.W.A. That the I.W.A. engaged in illegal strike activity there is no doubt, but that the contentious issue was as one-sided as Mr. Smallwood made out is not nearly so clear.

Finally, Premier Smallwood's actions show organized labor the limits to which a government will go when it believes its laws are being flouted by union members. This is a lesson, right or wrong, which union leaders might well ponder in these days when public opinion is focused so strongly and so angrily on the abuses of organized labor.

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WHO SHOULD TALK FOR STEEL?

PLACED WITH a certain unexpected irony up front of the "Children's Books" issue of The Commonweal, May 22nd, is a disillusioned comment on "The Steel Talks." The editorial about the controversies in steel is developed for the most part through a series of patient questions which turn out to be less interrogative than the punctuation might indicate. No very specific policy is defined, but it would be a pretty stupid reader who failed to get the drift. The vaguely guided answers lead somewhere toward the reduction of free union-management bargaining and of competitive business, and toward the development of still more social engineering by some "public" authorities or representatives undefined.

A simple, conservative reader, uncomfortable on the brink of still more central social engineering, can hardly help trying to break out of line with some questions and observations of his own. . . . Are we guided along the chain of argument quite objectively and inevitably? Must we accept as an adequate description of our home base that bright but begging phrase, "the acquisitive society"? Are the leaders of steel enterprises and labor unions attacking their problems with the stripped-down materialist viewpoint which the editorial implies? "The settlement they arrive at will reflect . . . the relative economic power each side is able to bring to bargaining. . . . This, we think, is the reality of the situation."

But is this, perhaps, arbitrary and unflattering in assuming that the men of the steel industry, unlike writing people and those in government, act without regard for the public good, or even for the over-all efficiency of the economy upon which they know they depend? In addition, the "economic power" of steel labor and management, and their status in bargaining, call for a fuller explanation. Those men don't come to the bargaining table as purely private, sovereign individuals. Their positions are not built by their own wealth and skill and muscle alone, but by a dozen and thousand forces and ideas operating in the community, all the way from the Ten Commandments and Constitution to curbstone opinions of men in streets. The steel industry doesn't work in a vacuum but in the midst of a long-continuing social and political economy. One doesn't have to know how it feels to represent U.S. Steel or the United Steel Workers to know that it does not feel free as a lark.

Approaching another paragraph in the argument, are we to suppose that there actually is no ceiling or limit on the profits of steel companies? The public, including the sharper sections of the investing public, must think there is, or else the price-earnings ratio of the steel company stocks would not be relatively so modest. In a variety of ways, hard indeed to overcome, competition sets some limit. The sluggish relations of prices, wages, profits and investments are obscure at best, and maintaining those relations in a way that provides a fair standard of living with tolerable freedom and justice has required the effort of generations and multitudes. The public interest is supposed to be represented quite directly by the individual's free choice in the competitive market. In our complexities, the choice undoubtedly is not altogether individual nor 100 per cent free, and the economy does not always operate at full steam. The editorial hints strongly that the only sensible improvement, "somehow, sometime, somewhere," is to disregard private competition and to diminish the direct face-to-face adjustments of employers and employees. More over-all "public" control would then, one gathers, be substituted.

All the questions involved, the editorial sums up, "represent, we know, matters of public policy too big for any reasonable man to expect either steel labor or steel management to solve." With that statement it is easy to concur, but to each, apparently, his own view of the consequences. One certainty is that all the problems never will be solved. This fact will look less fearsome the less totally the economy is tied up in a single knot. As it still is, the country would not end even with a steel strike. Government is not the inevitable executor of "public policy." Liberty and efficiency would both be menaced by setting up the government in the key spot of answering all the debatable economic and welfare questions of the steel industry. There is good reason to applaud, rather than chide "steel labor and steel management" for saying "Hands off!"

If the industry is so big that its problems appear beyond man-size, the government is much bigger, and it would be so much the more monstrous to expand its dimensions further to take over the burdens of steel. Freedom requires that responsibilities and decisions be spread out and not further concentrated. The status of the parties involved in the steel negotiations should not be weakened and narrowed by having the state take over, nor by too disillusioned propaganda. Rather, the representative character and duty of the bargainers' actual positions deserve emphasis and moral reinforcement. The big, doctrinaire settlement is not the only remedy for big problems. It might be possible to break down the giant issues (and industries) into more practical and limited problems (and businesses) for more varied and experimental solutions.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

For more on steel, see "An Exchange of Views" and "Week by Week." THE EDITORS.

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THE SCREEN

NO BLOOM IN DUBLIN

THE IRISH, always an unpredictable race, are the subject of "Shake Hands with the Devil," an American film made in Ireland. It deals with the unpredictability of the Irish during the closing days of the rebellion in 1921. It also touches on the unpredictability of the British and one American, the film's hero though not the most important character, a medical student who insists that violence doesn't solve anything and is determined to stay out of the struggle. As might be expected, he gets involved when trying to help a wounded classmate and then is surprised to discover that one of his professors at the Royal College of Surgeons is a leader in the Irish Republican Army. Choosing to return to the United States rather than join the underground movement, the quiet young American takes refuge in a rebel hideout, is picked up by the Tans, tortured by their sadistic colonel, rescued by the I.R.A. Then he joins their army ("once in, no out") and swings into action by helping to kidnap a young Englishwoman whom the rebels use as a hostage in trying to free an imprisoned Irish Lady.

Although essentially a melodrama, "Shake Hands with the Devil" is so well made that it rises above the action-and-adventure type of movie. Producer-director Michael Anderson uses beautiful shots of Dublin and the Irish countryside effectively and allows the camera to tell as much of the story as possible; and he has directed his Irish-English-American cast, many of whom play only small roles, expertly. Don Murray is quite moving as the peace-loving American who had his fill of violence in World War I and is shocked to find himself killing again; he is determined that the cool and lovely Englishwoman (Dana Wynter) taken as a hostage should not be harmed no matter what happens to the imprisoned Irish Lady. Sybil Thorndike plays the few scenes showing this aristocratic woman with such dignity and charm that it is possible for us to visualize her later when she becomes a *cause célèbre* and is no longer shown in action. Michael Redgrave also lends distinction to his small role as the General, the head of the I.R.A., who is quite willing to discuss peace and Dominion status with the British.

Don Murray finds several surprises among his new associates: the likable fellow (expertly played by Cyril Cusack) who writes slim volumes of sensitive verse in Gaelic, fights well but deplores this "lunatic way of fighting a war"; the barmaid (played with flair by Glynis Johns) who bestows her favors indiscriminately on the handsome young rebels; and most of all, the professor-surgeon (played to the nines by James Cagney who makes the most of this plum role), an I.R.A. leader whose tactics are ruthless and who tells the American student to forget pity and mercy in war. It is not Cagney's fault that this lead role goes somewhat haywire toward the end; scriptwriters Ivan Goff and Ben Roberts (who based their good screenplay on the novel by Reardon Conner) fail to prepare us for the near-psychopath this man becomes. Splitting with the General over the peace treaty, Cagney hopes to continue the underground and his private war for *his* idea of a free state.

"Shake Hands with the Devil" is not another "Odd Man Out" or "The Informer," but it often comes close. Along with its lively entertainment, it makes the Irish and their troubled twenties (we know that civil war did follow the 1921 peace treaty) more understandable; and it presents these people as having more than charm and blarney.

IT IS POSSIBLE that the Irish will prefer "Darby O'Gill and the Little People," Walt Disney's new live-action comedy which presents the inhabitants of County Kerry in the more conventional vaudeville manner, full of whimsey and wheedling sweet talk. The script, written by Lawrence Edward Watkin from H. T. Kavanagh's *Darby O'Gill* stories, is mainly concerned with Darby, an elderly caretaker of an estate who's rather unhappy when a young Dubliner is sent to take his place but is consoled by the possibility that this handsome young fellow will be a suitor for his attractive though single daughter. Accompanying this simple plot are a lot of shenanigans involving Darby and Brian, King of the Leprechauns, both of whom love to outsmart each other and are terribly coy about it.

Some of this is fun, but I found a little goes a long way. Also, most of the Technicolor backgrounds are obviously artificial. Furthermore, Robert Stevenson's direction relies on a tiresome, continued use of close-ups, wearisome even with such good actors as Albert Sharpe, who makes Darby a lively old codger, and Jimmy O'Dea as the mischievous King Brian. Janet Munro and Sean Connery are extremely handsome as the romantic couple; and Estelle Winwood, Kieron Moore and others pep up the supporting cast. An eight-year-old friend who went with me to the preview enjoyed the whole proceedings and wasn't frightened even in the scary scenes showing Darby's daughter being pursued by a banshee. Adults with less enthusiasm for the Disney brand of whimsey and terror will recognize the tone in the producer's opening acknowledgement: "My thanks to King Brian of Knocknasheega and his Leprechauns, whose gracious cooperation made this picture possible."

BOTH ADULTS and young fry are likely to go for "The Five Pennies," the new Danny Kaye opus in which the comedian plays Red Nichols, famed band-

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leader of a couple of decades ago. Beautifully produced by Jack Rose and well directed by Melville Shavelson (both of whom also wrote the screenplay with its semi-biographical story about Nichols), "Pennies" starts out with a bang in the twenties when the young cornet player arrives in New York, struggles along with various jobs (most of which he loses because of his clowning and Dixieland style), marries a show-girl singer, starts his own Five Pennies band, idolizes his little daughter and hits the big time when Dixieland becomes the craze. This first half of the picture is fascinating, with Danny Kaye carrying on in fine style. He is well supported by Barbara Bel Geddes as his sympathetic and ever-loving wife, Harry Guardino as a good friend who becomes his manager, Louis Armstrong as himself and joining Nichols in several magnificent numbers, and various other musicians as big-name players of the period.

A little beyond the half-way point, however, the film turns to old-fashioned schmaltz. The Nichols' little girl gets polio; and Red blames himself, throws his cornet from the Golden Gate Bridge into the bay and starts a long period of penance devoted to his daughter and jobs far from musical. No doubt this period in Nichols' career is based on fact, but the movie fails to make it convincing, and the effect is neither realistic nor entertaining. Fortunately the ending slips back into the earlier style of blaring and blatant bands. At its best the movie is corn, but lively corn dressed up by a fine cast, Technicolor and some old and new music. Kaye fans, admirers of jazz and unashamed sentimentalists should all have a good time.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

THE MUSICAL IMAGE

IN A FLUSH of reckless egotism at the season's opening last autumn, I thought grandly to gather the year's musical harvest under one vast mantle of authority: render verdicts, dispense high marks and low, perhaps snare in the underbrush what warms the bourgeois heart most of all—a trend. It was, shall we say, a hapless enterprise, broken—like all such overweening ambitions—on the contrariness of reality itself: in this event, the cheerful anarchy of the musical theater, and its stubborn refusal to be confined to any mastering plan or pattern. So, modestly, one retrenches, lies low, keeps to the practical, issues bulletins in the absence of manifestos, knowing always that things—though perhaps no more and often less than what they seem—have still a lordly, indifferent power which neither mind nor censure may alter.

Yet even in a mood of such indolent acquiescence, it would be necessary to isolate "Destry Rides Again" as an instance of the ideal *manqué,* the wrong road taken. Drawn from Mr. Max Brand's frontier fable, it arrives heavy with the weight of recollected charm: remembrance of that film which touched a banality of the American past with oblique grace, and specially of the impact of Miss Marlene Dietrich, released from her cave of smoky, tenebrous allure, into the light of an ironic romanticism. About the whole, indeed, there was that ingenuousness which suggests a certain delight in the thing done, a belief in its claim on our attention, on our imagination, perhaps not least of all on our love.

A comparable faith does not seem to have animated the stage manipulators of "Destry," to whom an original substance, savory with character, pathos and wit, is but the pretext for a siege of vicarious exercise, a fresh exhibit in that showcase of the "integrated" musical—its pleasures and parts so shrewdly arranged that one may wonder how any imaginative life could survive this deathly a harmony. The efficiency of the musicked "Destry" is the efficiency of an infernal machine. Joyless in its propulsions, outrageous as to decibel-count, it is a simon-pure instance of the dominant theme of the contemporary American musical theater: an obsession with energy as meaning. Not a new motif, to be sure, in the national quality, one would nonetheless hardly claim for it appeal; and, rampant in the world—however minor—of value and expression, its effect is to taint all with an air of ruthless commodity.

It is commonly, and often complacently, thought that the American musical theater constitutes a unique presence on the international dramatic scene: the body of an impulse and an experience, rooted in our peculiar vigor, and not available to alien sensibilities. The impersonal frenzy of "Destry Rides Again" would seem to suggest that energy, like sincerity, patriotism and most of what you will, is not enough. It will remain an object of further interest and study what additional or superior values—beyond this mindless vitality—the American musical theater may instance as justification for its vaunted singularity. *(At the Imperial.)*

RICHARD HAYES.

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An Exchange of Views

I—"The Price of Health"

Ojai, Calif.

TO THE EDITORS: Your Mr. Chase's writings on "cultural and social subjects" certainly well qualify him to discuss medicine and the economics of medicine [May 1]. Are all your writers so well qualified?

Firstly, I deny the major premise. Medical costs are not high. Americans spent more on cigarettes last year than on illness.

Secondly, as a doctor I'm tired of being the whipping boy for medical costs. Doctors have little control over medical costs. Their fees represent less than one-third of the total sum.

Hospital costs are the major item. They are determined largely by the wage scale. Three to five employees must be paid for every bed patient. The costs of food, sheets, blankets, even floor wax, have all risen with the cost of living and hospital costs have kept pace. Twenty years ago a million dollars might build a three hundred bed building. Now you will get as little as a seventy bed structure for the same sum.

Drugs cost more. Antibiotics, hormones, steroids, all are new, powerful and expensive. Thirty years ago when my father had pneumonia there were no antibiotics. He was ill in bed for almost a month and there followed a period of convalescence of several months when he was unable to work. Today, were he to have pneumonia, he might be ill a week and after another week of convalescence he could return to work. He might buy $15 worth of expensive antibiotics but the total cost of illness would be much less.

Are doctor fees so exorbitant that we should all be forced into some 1984-like medical machine? Thirty years ago in the Wyoming town where I grew up, an office call was $3. This was almost three hours work for a carpenter and three hundred such calls would buy a new car. Today the national average is around $4. This is less than two hours work for a carpenter. About eight hundred such calls will buy a new car.

Mr. Chase waxes eloquent in his praise of British medicine. My own judgment, after reading many English medical journals and comparing them with their American counterparts, is that English medicine is fast losing its momentum and is rapidly falling behind American practice. Apparently Sir Anthony Eden agrees with me. You will recall that he sought relief from the complications of gall bladder surgery at Boston's Leahy Clinic.

The economics of medicine is a very complicated subject and certainly deserves more attention than Mr. Chase has given it. I trust that subsequent articles on the subject will be based on better information than that afforded by free throw-away journals of the type of *Medical Economics*. J. L. KIRCH, M.D.

Ottawa, Ont.

TO THE EDITORS: It seems strange to me that in his article Edward T. Chase hardly mentions the many excellent consumer-owned and co-operative group health plans in the U.S.A.; and when he mentions the Detroit plan near the end of the article, he refers to it as if it is something entirely new and experimental in your country, although various types of community and labor health plans have been in operation for more than twenty years, and now cover perhaps one and one-half million families. I should think that such an article would have mentioned H.I.P. of New York, one of the member plans in the Group Health Federation of America, which covers over half a million families in greater New York, according to the latest figures we have.

Your readers might be interested to know that the G.H.F.A., which also includes two cooperative health plans in Canada, held its annual convention in New York City towards the end of May, and the American Labor Health Association acted as co-sponsor of the Institute and H.I.P. as the host. It would have been well if Mr. Chase had told some of this story in his article, including some of the facts of how G.H.F.A. has stood up to the tactics of the A.M.A. over a long period. His article is good as far as it goes, but it did not go far enough.

ALEXANDER LAIDLAW,
National Secretary,
The Cooperative Union of Canada.

Santa Clara, Calif.

TO THE EDITORS: In this article Mr. Chase does not seem to be aware of those principles which make our modern form of capitalism the mean between laissez-faire and total socialism. After reading his three-page article, into which he managed to squeeze thirty-two unsubstantiated assertions, which seem to be due to his general ignorance of his subject, I can only conclude that his spicy article is the result of a morbid preoccupation with the so-called "Park-

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Avenue-doctor." It is strange, indeed, that this country's medical system which is generally considered to be the best in the world on a qualitative-quantitative basis can be called anachronistic by Mr. Chase.

GEORGE MOHUN.

Portland, Ore.

TO THE EDITORS: In "The Price of Health" by Edward T. Chase the complex problem posed by recent advances in medical costs is well presented. We should be as concerned as the author about high hospital rates and health insurance premiums, expensive equipment, and the large number of aged (and not-so-aged) who need care beyond their means. But Mr. Chase seems to imply that the first step toward solution of the entire problem is to curtail the freedom of the medical profession: let's make Doctor the scapegoat.

A small voice wishes to suggest that the American physician in private practice is not necessarily an ogre. Medical practice does differ from "selling shoes or real estate," as Mr. Chase points out. It is a profession, and we expect professional self-regulation as well as professional competence from medical men. If the A.M.A. has not alway lived up to our expectations, neither have our other professional organizations (or unions or political parties, for that matter). To err is human, even collectively. Yet, on the whole, we can take pride in the way our professions resolve their difficulties. Mr. Chase alludes to debates within the medical profession and to group practice already initiated by doctors, "within a voluntary framework." Let's not bury the A.M.A. while we're still getting a pulse.

Are doctors' fees usually too high, or do many people simply resent paying for essentials, one of which is medical care? Perhaps, since man has been subject to illness ever since the Fall, it irks him more to pay the doctor than the T.V. repairman.

All three members of our family underwent surgery last year. If the four surgeons and the family doctor had charged set fees, we could not have paid them. Ours is an academic income, and our doctors adjust their fees accordingly. Furthermore, they gladly quote their charges in advance and are guided by the fee schedule published in their state medical society-sponsored health insurance plan.

There are, of course, doctors whose fees are unconscionably high, because doctors are human. But so are patients, many of whom gauge their stay in our crowded hospitals and the urgency of X-rays by the amount the insurance company will pay.

While group practice seems to suit a large number of doctors and patients, the free choice of one's family doctor, and his free choice of specialists whom he wishes to consult, is more than a "dubious privilege." Perhaps Mr. Chase does a public service by calling attention to "the price of health," but he goes too far when he leaves the reader with the impression that doctors, as a group, are not to be trusted.

ANITA LOGAN.

REPLY

New York, N.Y.

TO THE EDITORS: Re letters from Dr. Kirch, Messrs. Laidlaw and Mohun, and Miss Logan:

Everyone appreciates the fact of inflation, but medical costs have soared far beyond the average rise in the cost of living and hospitalization costs have risen four times faster than prices in general in the post-war era. Thus the economic burden of disability is a leading threat to family bankruptcy in the U.S.A. That is why medical and welfare analysts from the Secretary of H.E.W. to county medical society leaders rank the economic challenge as an issue of the first importance and why we have seen the phenomenal growth of health insurance in the last decade.

Yet, even so, my own view is that costs for such a basic need as health cannot sensibly be called too high unless proper means for lowering them are known. This is the case in medicine. True enough, individual doctors do not control over-all medical costs and hospital costs are the big item. Hence the theme of my article that the *system* can be less costly if we modify it in keeping with social and scientific changes and if we don't abuse it, for one example by housing the aged and the disturbed in hospitals for the critically ill or in otherwise grossly inappropriate facilities, for another by permitting the notorious exploitation of hospital insurance by all too many doctors and patients.

The alternative to wholly unregulated fees is not "1984." The tiresome A.M.A. line that this is so and its simplist defense of the status quo (any change equals "socialized medicine") account for the widespread loss of confidence among top echelon doctors and the educated public that the A.M.A. can regain the initiative from government and labor in instituting improvements in medical administration and practice.

I did not comment on British medicine. I commented on the English National Health Service, stating it was not a total success but a success, nor do I see myself challenged on any of the particulars I cited. I urge the interested to read Harvard political scientist Harry Eckstein's recent *The English Health Service* (Harvard Univ. Press, $5.50) or, for a briefer account, "Socialized Medicine, Ten Years Old" in the May *Harper's* by Don Cook of the New York *Herald Tribune*.

I did not cite names of group health plans as Mr. Laidlaw would have wished because that was not the purpose of my piece even had I had the space required, and I clearly stated group practice "has been with us

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for many years." I cited the new Detroit plan because of its regional nature and the dynamic situation into which it is being born.

As for Mr. Mohun's criticism, I would remind him that our "modern form of capitalism" and our medical system are in continual readjustment to changes in our environment. They will stay the world's best if they are kept under honest scrutiny. Public complacency of the "America first" variety only hurts medicine or any other institution in a free society, as we are discovering in the case of education. Sorry I can't help out on the "thirty-two unsubstantiated assertions" without a hint on which assertions are meant.

Finally, *Medical Economics* costs me $12.50 annually, is useful for the purpose I cited (a quick index of the warfare on the medical practice front), and I only wish I could show Dr. Kirch the comprehensive files I have on this subject and the marvelous library of the New York Academy of Medicine where I wrote my piece.

EDWARD T. CHASE.

II—Republic Steel Ads (Cont.)

St. Louis, Mo.

TO THE EDITORS: As one who most emphatically does *not* want to cancel his subscription, may I append a few remarks to your discussion re Republic Steel with A. C. Germann and John Stanley in the June 5 issue of The Commonweal. I must admit that I was heartily happy to see the series attacked, that I was greatly sympathetic with the viewpoints of both Mr. Germann and Mr. Stanley (whose moral courage and great charity I often wish would temper the enthusiastic assertion of his righteous anger). I must also admit the sane plausibility of your reply, until the final point, which seems to me to raise some important questions.

You seem to feel that the commendable record of The Commonweal as a "free" journal would be seriously compromised if you as editors undertook to "censor" the Republic Steel ads. It seems to me that you are guilty here, unintentionally, doubtless, of the same kind of ambiguous obscurantism regarding the word "free" that Big Steel is, intentionally, doubtless, when it speaks of " 'free' enterprise" or a " 'free' economy." It seems to me perfectly consonant with the great tradition of the open and intelligent search for the truth, which the magazine has always stood for and which the present editorial staff is presently fighting so hard to preserve, that such blatant sophistry not be accorded space, even as paid advertising, at any price.

If you are considering your readers, in priding yourself on their maturity you might also consider that they welcome The Commonweal precisely because its truly liberal editorial integrity consistently and courageously eschews the cynical and simplistic approach to public communication which produces the gross propaganda the Republic ads represent. To suggest that these ads represent honestly "one side of an important socio-economic argument" seems to me to betray a serious flaw in your judgment.

You say you close your pages to pornography, "say, or anti-Catholic or anti-Semitic books, to cite a few obvious examples"; it is extremely disturbing to me that you consider the Republic ads less obvious. Then you intrude another "dirty" word—"censor." It seems to me to be the most monstrous incongruity of our time that the shoddiest, most uncritical economic platitudes remain publicly sacrosanct and hold the language of the nation in the grip of a categorical sanction. I am not speaking of a "materialism" here, but of an ill-wrought myth that The Commonweal ought not help perpetuate. It seems to me that neither prurience nor bigotry constitute so immediately irreparable a danger to the public good. Nor do Rosalind Russell's legs constitute so frightful an affront to the great tradition of The Commonweal. When intelligent men refuse to countenance in their pages advertising clearly dishonest, whatever its subject matter, it hardly smacks of "censorship." When the decision is expensive, it smacks of courage.

And as a little gesture, I'll keep trying to get you Associates, although I can't help but feel that my heart isn't as deeply in it as before.

PETER L. SIMPSON.

New York, N.Y.

TO THE EDITORS: I find that I am unmoved by your *cri du coeur* ["Exchange of Views: Republic Steel Ads," June 5] because I know that there is a difference between *censorship* and *selection*. You receive hundreds of manuscripts from which you select a few as suitable for publication; you are not here exercising the function of censor, but that of editor. The same goes for *X* number of advertisements you have the opportunity of including in your pages.

And while the advertiser does not influence the editorial policy of the magazine, he does affect the tone, the color of it; advertisements do not repose in curtained cubicles; they join in. And you are responsible for your guests—all of them. And while there are no human beings whom one does not know, there are certain presences and powers one is simply not host to.

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And among these are not only racists and religious bigots, but also the wielders of exploiting power over those who wrench bitter wages *by permission* of those who "gain a living from those who gain a living from those who gain a living from those who gain a living from work." (I was not able to lay my hands on Father McNabb's exact words). One knows whom one is with. And what their mind is. It is not necessary to discuss Dachau, for example; indeed, it would be absurd to pretend to do so.

Anyhow, Republic is not *discussing* wages, prices and inflation. It is engaging in bacteriological warfare. They must. Now. (Especially since the almost incredibly brazen announcement of the "profit pool," which showed quite openly that there is no such thing as Republic Steel but Steel Management—at last.) Now, because they know that what is at stake is what has always been at stake: Liberty. Shall any man hold dominion over any other man—in any way?

Slowly, reluctantly, in a few hearts, opposition to some of the more obvious forms of tyranny has become more or less respectable. But we must press on. We approach the time when we must commence to consider seriously at last the destruction of that fraudulent complex of enchainment, the links of which include wages and profits and interest and rent and the deliberate corruption of the soul and psyche of men through the debauching of words.

JOHN STANLEY.

REPLY

CONTRARY TO BOTH Mr. Stanley and Mr. Simpson, the word "censor" does have relevance in connection with advertising that it does not have in connection with articles. We select articles for publication. We do not select advertisers; they select us. There is a difference, and that difference is, we think, significant.

Editorial and article space in The Commonweal is not for sale; advertising space is, within the obvious limits we described in our comments on Mr. Stanley's first published letter on this subject. As we said, then, these limits would bar pornography, anti-Catholicism, anti-Semitism and the like. But in general we do not feel that the editors should bar any ad on the grounds that they themselves think, for example, that a particular book is not as good as its publisher claims, or that the United Steelworkers' case for higher wages is not quite so compelling as union officials think, or, as in this case, that the case against wage increases in steel is so overwhelming as Republic Steel's copywriters make it out to be.

Nonetheless, if Messrs, Stanley, Simpson *et al.* think "censor" is a loaded word which does not fairly describe what they want us to do, we are quite willing to abandon the term. We are still quite unable to agree, however, that we should refuse to carry the Republic Steel ads, any more than we would feel that we should refuse comparable ads for the union.

Readers who are interested in further comments on the steel talks will find them in Philip Burnham's "Counterpoint" in this issue and in the editorial section. As far as the bulk of Mr. Stanley's letter is concerned ("enchainment," "bacteriological warfare," etc., etc.) we will say only that he seems to view the current steel talks as the first skirmishing at Armageddon. We do not. If it is true that Republic Steel's copywriters have oversimplified and overdramatized some very large issues, Mr. Stanley's letter would seem to indicate that they are not alone.

THE EDITORS.

BOOKS

A Penetrating, Phychological Study of St. Thérèse

THE HIDDEN FACE: The Life of Thérèse of Lisieux. By Ida F. Goerres. Trans. by Richard and Clara Winston. Pantheon. $4.95.

By ANNE FREMANTLE

THÉRÈSE MARTIN lived from 1873 to 1897. Her two little copybooks and the sketch of her interior life, written for her sisters at the orders of her mother superior, and prettified and abridged by these, had sold in French alone two and a half million copies by 1932, and had been translated into more than thirty-five languages. The integral text, published in English here last spring, was, and continues to be, a best-seller, in spite of the fact that it radically alters the once generally accepted view of Thérèse as a sentimental, tubercular adolescent. Instead, she now appears more eagle than dove—more eagle, some might say, than her great namesake, Teresa of Avila.

Frau Goerres, who wrote a life of *Mary Ward* in 1939, and who translated *Murder in the Cathedral* into German, has convincingly shown in this life that both Thérèses are true, for both are one. Thérèse *was* the adored baby of her devoted *bourgeois* family, spoiled and petted, protected from such realities of life as housework or school (she had five years of rather intermittent day-school, and then her health occasioned her withdrawal); to the end of her life she used the devotional clichés of her time, and stated the gaunt truths she experienced in mawkish schoolgirl langauge; she expressed in pious poems

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and sentimental holy pictures the burning love which consumed her. Yet few saints have burned away so tenaciously all the dross before death; and few saints of any age have been as explicit, as clear, and as concise in their instructions and directions to others, as was this precocious girl.

There have been many studies of delinquency in adolescents, many probings into the pre-criminal and juvenile delinquent mind. There have been very few—if any—serious psychological studies of the supra-normal individual, of the better-than-average, nobler, kinder, holier-than-we young person. Frau Goerres has provided exactly this. She is aware of all the explanations at the human level. She realizes that the average reader, faced with Thérèse's sacrifices—"in the middle of the winter she did the washing in cold water, although this made her hands cracked and sore," "she never complained when she was given only light sandals to wear" ("What did she expect? Fur-lined boots?" queries Frau Goerres. "In fact she had them.")—will conclude that "the much praised sanctity of the 'little way' consists in fashioning an extraordinary high opinion of oneself on the basis of insignificant achievements and that natural fulfillment of human obligations which every other ethic passes over silently out of good taste, if not out of humility or modesty."

Frau Goerres dispels many illusions. The facsimile manuscripts, for all they restore seven thousand stylistic changes made by Mother Agnes, "afford no sensational revelations. In this respect the mountain of critical research has brought forth a mouse." And she rehabilitates Mother Marie de Gonzague, hitherto the villain in Thérèse's life, considered by many the chief author of her martyrdom. Mother Marie, it is true, is shown as arrogant, temperamental, neurotic, but also as possessing many of the graces of her state—a certain discernment of spirit, and a very real understanding of the marvelous soul entrusted to her care.

Frau Goerres shows how much Thérèse's happy childhood counted in her sanctification. A happy child, she points out, is above all a loved child, and "because Thérèse was a happy child, her beginning could contain perfection. . . . The core of the Christian revelation is prefigured, secretly and compellingly, in this experience which precedes all anticipation, all expectations, all questioning: the knowledge that childhood is bliss. It is bliss simply to be someone's child, child of a father, of a mother, living, moving and having its being in a love which is unmerited, unmeritable, anticipatory, unconditional, and immutable." On this basic mystery and reality "Thérèse's childhood and her spirituality were built." There was nothing she learned from God, or about Him in the subsequent twenty years of her brief life, that she had not experienced and logically before she was four, at home.

Frau Goerres' biography is mercilessly probing in its analysis of Thérèse's childhood illness, that terrible attack of St. Vitus' dance which Thérèse herself thought was a possession of the devil, cured only by the miraculous intervention of the Mother of God herself. Thérèse was to suffer agonies of doubt, fearing lest her illness had been self-induced—an extraordinary understanding of the nature of sickness for a young girl, who had never heard of Groddeck or his theories!

Frau Goerres shows how the perfectly natural losses Thérèse suffered—that of her mother by death, when she was only four, that of her second mother, her beloved sister Pauline, by her entry into Carmel—may well have resulted in an inner, unconscious refusal to surrender them, however gladly Thérèse had outwardly accepted their translation, the one to heaven, the other to its facsimile on earth. Her own wild inner despair may have been too much for the child's conscious offering, conscious understanding. It was the depths rising up, like a tidal wave, and threatening to engulf the rational. From this physical illness she was cured by the explicit or implicit agency of the Blessed Mother, substitute for both, for all lost mothers. From the subsequent

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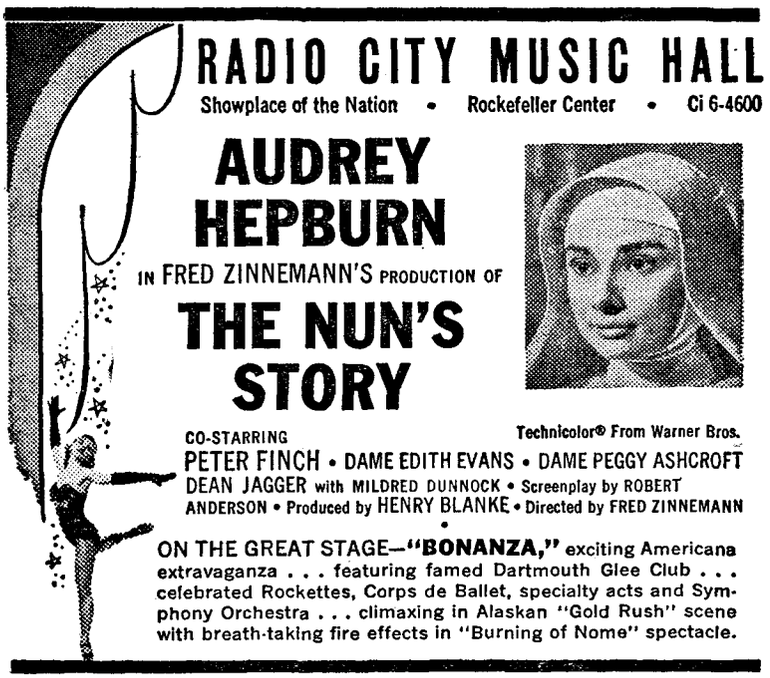
swarm of scruples, battening on her like midges before a thunderstorm, Thérèse could imagine no escape; she just set her teeth and endured the agonies her overinflamed sensitivity caused her. Finally, when she was fourteen, on Christmas Eve, the burden was lifted, and, after ten years of sticky murkiness, her soul could once more blossom; she had come through.

How clearly Frau Goerres shows us the difficulties Thérèse had in adjusting to the unharmonious life of the provincial convent, to which she won admission at fifteen! The disillusionments—for the devout, enthusiastic child who thought that in the convent it would be paradise, all the sisters would be saints, and all would live by loving their Lord! The cantankerous, badly adjusted, neurotic and cranky group of women—all very much older than herself—among whom she found herself were devastatingly far from her rosy dream of the cloister. Yet Thérèse, with her good French common sense, adjusted perfectly, and won over everyone in the convent to love her.

How profound is Thérèse's perception that not what we do, but what we are, is sinful! As she wrote to Céline, "I tell you, when Jesus said to Magdalene 'he loves Him more to whom more is forgiven' that can with more reason be repeated when Jesus has remitted someone his sins *in advance*. He has pardoned me everything by not letting me sin at all." And the subtleties of the temptations of the holy are made frighteningly clear: how mortifications may cease to be cures when they become games, how spiritual pride lurks in every shadow, in every corner, in the best endeavor. Purify the source, is the Carmelite cry, and how mercilessly Thérèse cut away her right hand and tore out her right eye in her "abstinences of the spirit" is terrible and wondrous.

Would that Freud could have read this book—he would have been pleased with it, and he might have understood. For, just as at the end of his *Leonardo* Freud humbly admits that, after all he has written and explained, there is no explanation of genius, so Frau Goerres, after minutely dissecting Thérèse, admits, gladly, that in the face of heroic virtue there is no explanation, only the delighted thankfulness that God has, for once, been well served.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I find that it is not possible for me to give adequate praise to *Worship* in the space alloted. It is sound and scholarly—but at the same time lively and direct. Probably most of its readers are priests, but it is written and edited for all Catholics.

The subject matter and purpose of the magazine do not vary from issue to issue: *Worship* is published to help people understand the Mass and the sacraments. Yet there is tremendous variety in its pages; perhaps the first and possibly the most valuable educational experience one gets from it is the realization of the ties between liturgy and life.

Worship treats of the social order, religious sociology, music, art, and architecture, of the psychology of modern man, the meaning of sacrifice, liturgical reforms, and of the participation of the laity in the prayer-life of the Church.

I said it was for "all Catholics," but there must be a reservation. Though *Worship* is "popular" in the sense of being non-technical, it asks serious work and some background of its readers. Given the work, the background could be derived (over a number of issues) from the magazine itself.

— Robert Hoyt in *The Kansas City—St. Joseph Register*

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WORSHIP, St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn.

Uncertain Flight

THE FUGITIVES. By Robert Gutwillig. Little, Brown. $3.75.

By WILLIAM DUNLEA

WHEN INTRODUCED, Steve Freeman, the most self-haunted of the "fugitives" of Robert Gutwillig's second novel, is twenty-two and in refuge at the Haven. This is an exclusive and fairly unique little mental relocation center to which he fled two years earlier from the family digs overlooking Central Park; the flight followed a bleak sequence of mis-

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adventures culminating in a half-hearted experiment with suicide.

The Haven no doubt has its figurative uses, since all practical details about it are left naggingly to our imagination. Its residents are convinced that the relaxed nature of their eccentricities is the only real difference between them and outsiders. Within its casual confines they work out their respective destinies. These include Caroline, a twenty-eight-year old therapist from Vienna; having barely escaped from the Nazis when a child, she is unquestionably the best-documented fugitive of all. An occasional guest at the Haven is Walter Thorne, a boozy and almost totally inadequate painter of third rank. Helen and Walter have a bantering fortyish fondness for each other, which, we are told, once was love. Helen knows she didn't marry a genius, but he isn't a bad draftsman, and she can live with the truth as long as he goes on painting. Steve does not quite qualify for the "angry" fraternity. He is often sullen and churlish, yet right away he takes it all back; never willing to make up his mind, he blinks every challenge.

The Fugitives pretends to the objectivity of a case study; the approach is representational, but with something of the figurative emphasis and allegorical intimation that have, in a number of recent novels, been breaking in at the corners of four-square realism. Mr. Gutwillig's objectivity does not seem to have cost him much; consequently his novel gains little by it. His prose is too well-behaved, his characterization methodical. By contrast his dialogue is a profusion of small talk and brassy japes. As for large implications, the key personalities are both irresolute and in flight from their irresolution; and we certainly would not say that the double negative is not typical of many aspects of life today.

REVIEWERS

Anne Fremantle is the well-known writer, lecturer and critic. Her recent novel is *By Grace of Love*.

William Dunlea is a free-lance writer who lives in New York.

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